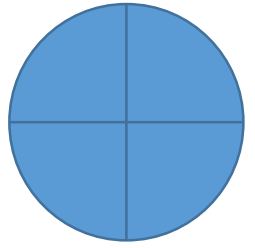
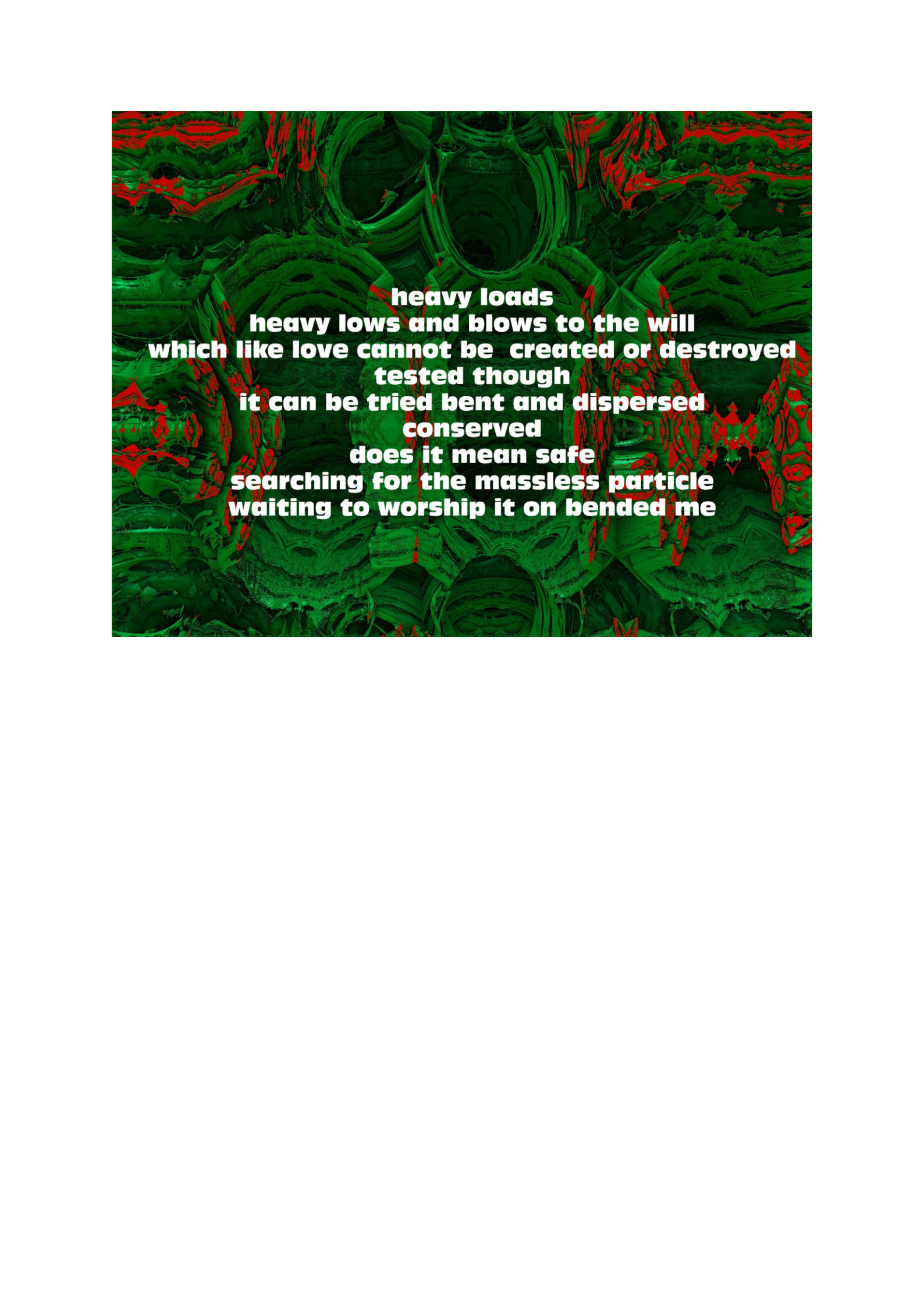


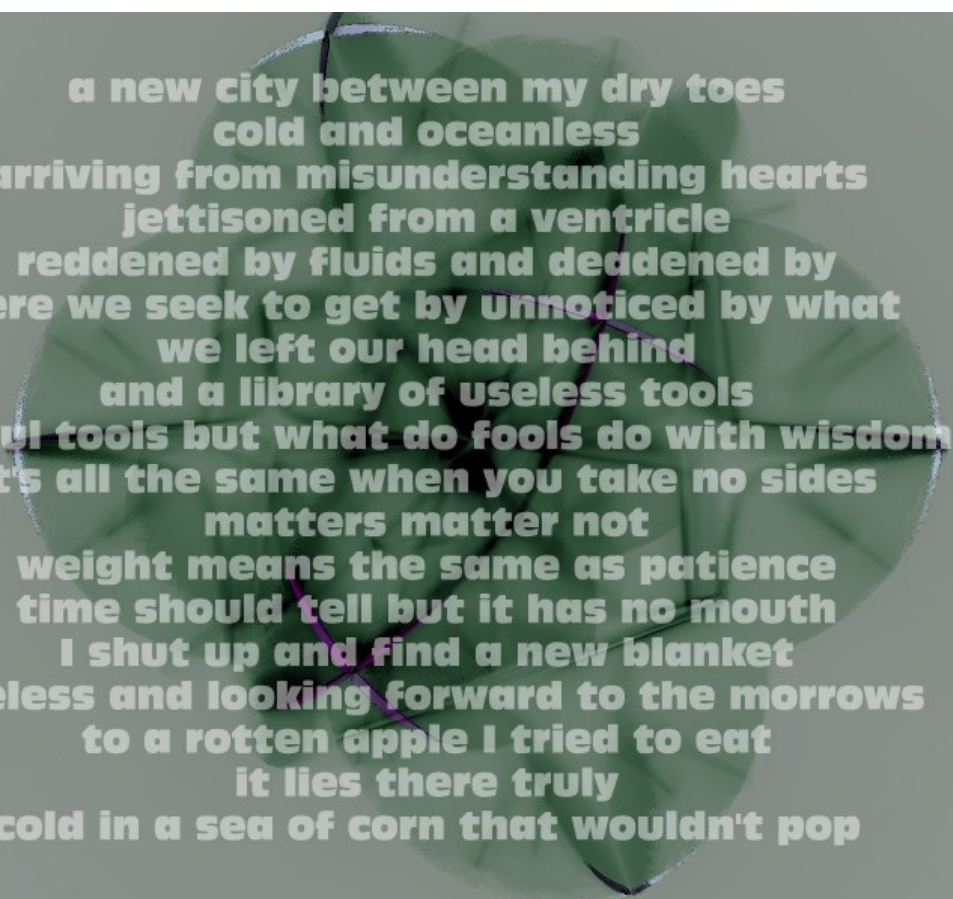
# FLIGHT FOR FIGHTERS



**feeling in guts for the truth  
man starts at the bottom and  
reaches through much to get to the head  
hands outstretched to find what the truth is  
fictitious answers pave the road most travelled  
sliding into the abyss  
waters of the river styx still stuck to bare feet  
slippery slip  
down the existenz  
down the ladder  
less than matter so pay this some mind  
mull over  
crush experience with two hands  
reaching up through inner mud  
standing at the bottom of the bottomless pitstop**

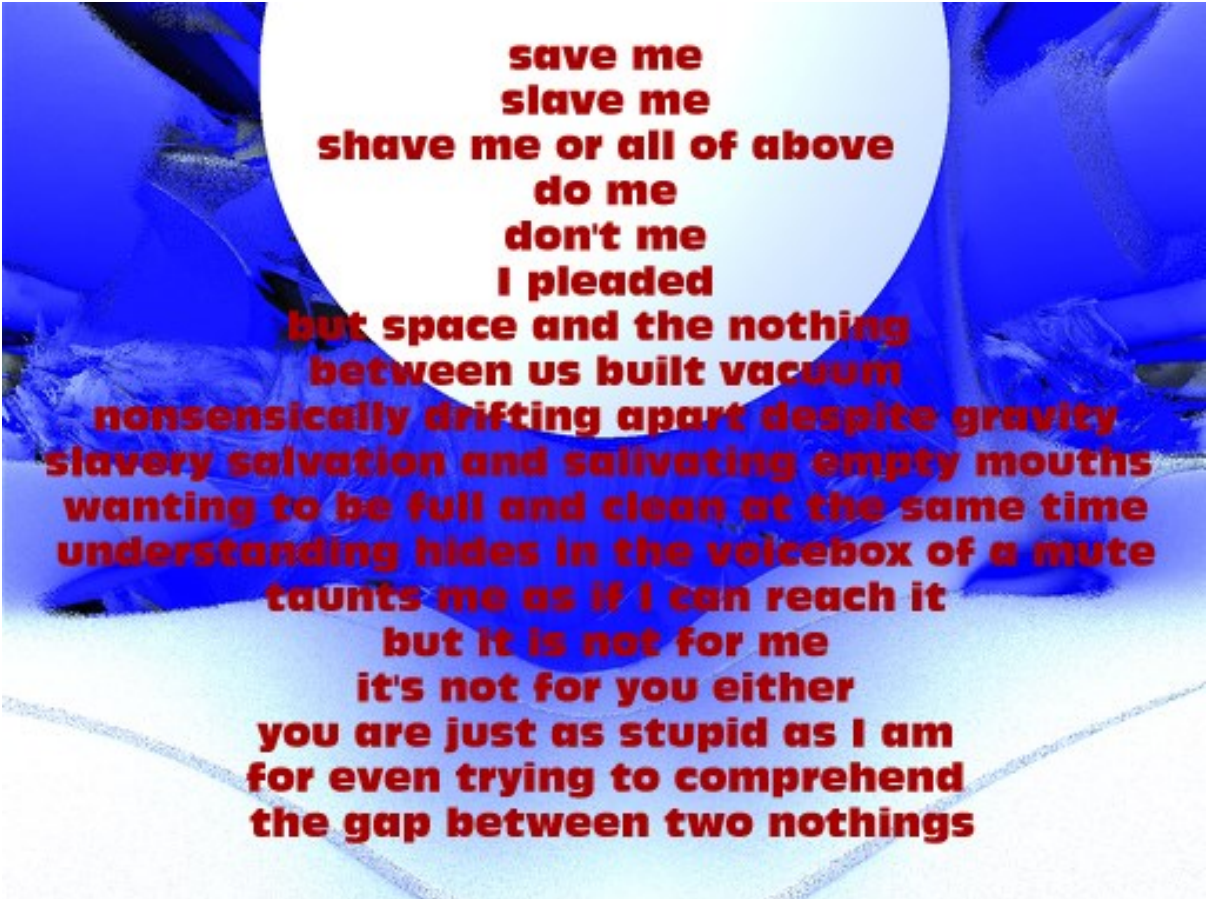


**heavy loads  
heavy lows and blows to the will  
which like love cannot be created or destroyed  
tested though  
it can be tried bent and dispersed  
conserved  
does it mean safe  
searching for the massless particle  
waiting to worship it on bended me**

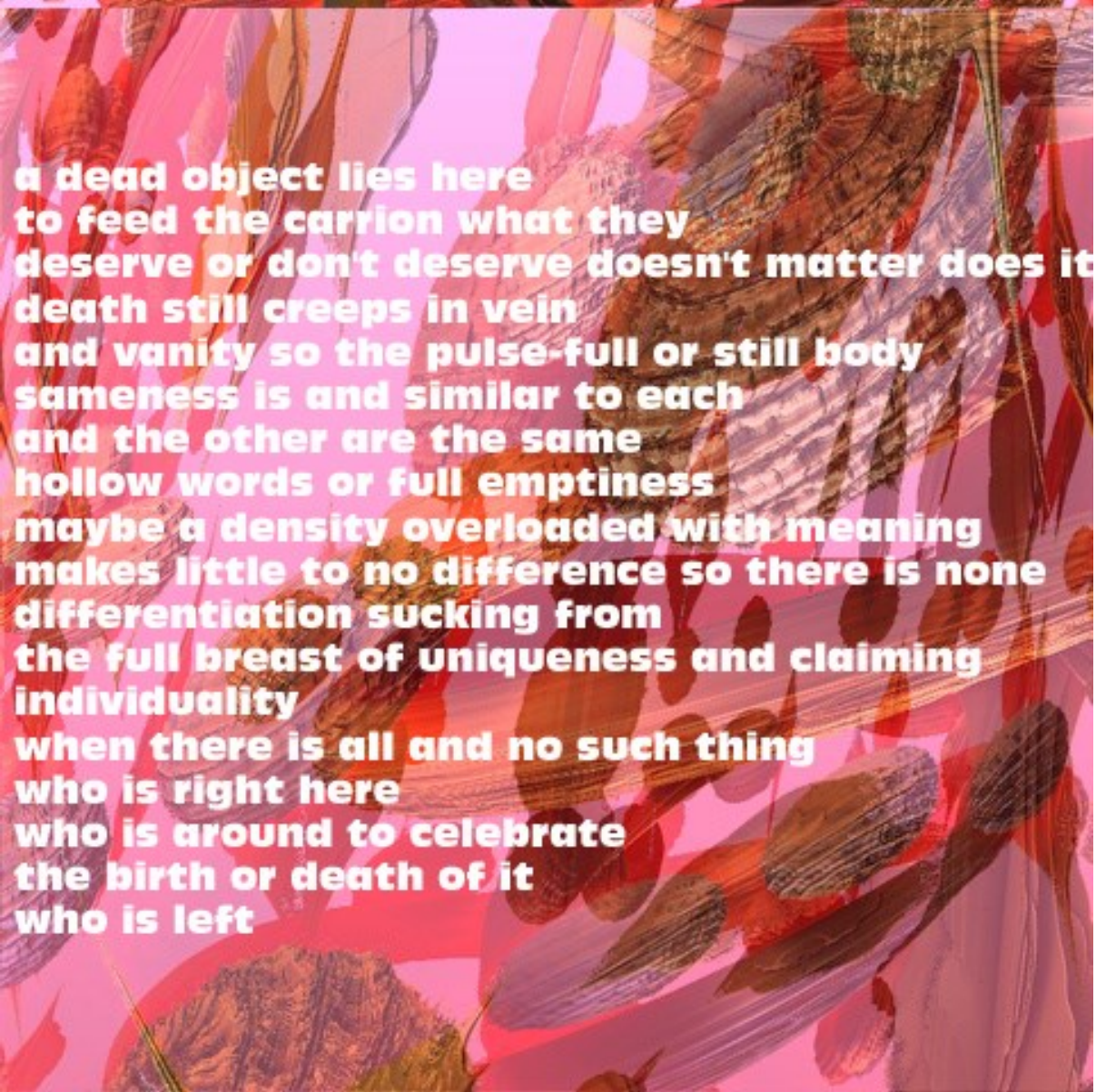


a new city between my dry toes  
cold and oceanless  
arriving from misunderstanding hearts  
jettisoned from a ventricle  
reddened by fluids and deadened by  
here we seek to get by unnoticed by what  
we left our head behind  
and a library of useless tools  
useful tools but what do fools do with wisdom  
it's all the same when you take no sides  
matters matter not  
weight means the same as patience  
time should tell but it has no mouth  
I shut up and find a new blanket  
eyeless and looking forward to the morrows  
to a rotten apple I tried to eat  
it lies there truly  
cold in a sea of corn that wouldn't pop





**save me  
slave me  
shave me or all of above  
do me  
don't me  
I pleaded  
but space and the nothing  
between us built vacuum  
nonsensically drifting apart despite gravity  
slavery salvation and salivating empty mouths  
wanting to be full and clean at the same time  
understanding hides in the voicebox of a mute  
taunts me as if I can reach it  
but it is not for me  
it's not for you either  
you are just as stupid as I am  
for even trying to comprehend  
the gap between two nothings**



**a dead object lies here  
to feed the carrion what they  
deserve or don't deserve doesn't matter does it  
death still creeps in vein  
and vanity so the pulse-full or still body  
sameness is and similar to each  
and the other are the same  
hollow words or full emptiness  
maybe a density overloaded with meaning  
makes little to no difference so there is none  
differentiation sucking from  
the full breast of uniqueness and claiming  
individuality  
when there is all and no such thing  
who is right here  
who is around to celebrate  
the birth or death of it  
who is left**

Khaya Maseko

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